

January 2, 1931

Life

Price
10 Cents



A Resolution for 1931



RIENDS, classmates, customers and employers—all my social and business contacts—judge me by two standards: my face and appearance when I am present, and my handwriting when I am not. My signature! The eyes of the world are upon it! My writing! It tells who and what I am! It opens doors of opportunity, or shuts them!

But I cannot mould my handwriting to express my true self with an awkward pen!

I hear that writing instruments of perfected construction are to be had, called the Balance° Lifetime° pens and Balance° pencils, by Sheaffer. They are said to be graceful to the eye, and by their natural, easy-writing virtue they encourage each hand to write in full character. I will discard, I will give away my awkward, top-heavy pen and pencil, and procure Balance° Lifetimes°. Children, students, employees in my charge I will also equip for the social and business accomplishment of good, characterful, legible handwriting. In this important work, I know that every hand deserves the finest writing instruments. Happily all hands, even the children's, may now have the finest because with Balance° Lifetime° pens Sheaffer equips each owner for his entire life span at one first cost.

In 1931 I am resolved to invest in this lasting thing: I will give my household, my business and myself the pleasure and the profit of owning and using Balance° Lifetime° pens and Balance° pencils!

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

The ONLY genuine Lifetime° pen is Sheaffer's; do not be deceived! All pens are guaranteed against defect, but Sheaffer's Lifetime° is guaranteed against everything excepting loss for your lifetime. Jade Green and Jet Black Lifetime° pens, \$8.75; Ladies', \$8.25; Marine Green and Black-and-Pearl De Luxe, \$10; Ladies', \$9.50. Petite Lifetime° pens, \$7 up. Pencils, \$5. Others lower.

SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · DESK SETS · SKRIP

W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company • Fort Madison, Iowa, U. S. A.
New York • Chicago • San Francisco
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada, Ltd., 169-175 Fleet St., Toronto, Ont.
Wellington, N. Z. • Sydney, Australia • 52 Kingsway, London, Eng.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

© W. A. S. P. Co., 1931

SAFETY SKRIP, SUCCESSOR TO INK, SKRIP-FILLED, 50c TO \$10. Every literate person, between the ages of five and one hundred should have a safety Skrip package. Practically unbreakable. Saves furniture, rugs, clothing, keeps Skrip fresh, and makes every pen write better.



Medium,
Marine
Green, No.
H74TC,
\$9.50



This white
dot identifies
Sheaffer's, the
ONLY genuine
Lifetime° pen.

Medium,
No. K74TC,
\$9.50



Medium,
No. KTSC,
\$4



Six-piece Matched
Balance° Ensemble,
No. WQ16, \$40.
Others higher and
lower.



Matched Writing Equipment is the Vogue



January 2, 1931

Vol. 97

Number 2513

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
60 E. 42nd St., New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *Chairman of the Board*
CLAIR MAXWELL, *President*
LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Vice President*
HENRY RICHTER, *Treasurer*
BOLTON MALLORY, *Editor*
HARRY EVANS, *Managing Editor*
E. S. MARTIN, *Associate Editor*
F. G. COOPER, *Associate Editor*
W. W. SCOTT, *Associate Editor*

LIFE is published every Friday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England. The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office three weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York.

Yearly Subscription Rate (U. S. and Canada), \$5.00 (Foreign, \$6.60.)

Me and the Prince

The Prince of Wales says he is wearing his old clothes this winter. As usual, he sets the style for America.



POETICAL PETE

*Experiments are noble, but
How strange they make one feel!
I fear that I am in for un-
Conditional repeal!*

591349 —Arthur L. Lippmann.

The New Calendars

DISPARAGERS of native American art will do well to hold their tongues until they behold the array of artistic talent displayed in the 1931 crop of calendars soon to be mailed to you and you. For sheer imaginative genius the new calendars have never been equalled. Well may it be said that American artists need bow to no foreign competitors at the start of the calendar year.

HUNDREDS and hundreds of iron and steel foundries are now mailing beautiful lithographs showing gauze-wrapped nymphs gazing into deep forest pools. Below this elfin scene invariably is printed: "Compliments of the—Iron Foundry, Manufacturers of Heavy Duty Castings." How skillful, how sly, how subtle is this charming method of diverting the commercial mind from prosaic metal by this magic touch of moonlight and honeysuckle.

NEIGHBORHOOD bootblacks, always patriotic, are again revealing fealty to the land of their birth. A new series of chromos showing the triumphant entry of a slightly off-register Italian army into some place or other is even now being tacked up over the warning: "BE CAREFUL GETTING OFF CHAIR." His Majesty The King, of course, continues to ride an egotistical horse at the head of his troops. Diligent inquiry in and about my neighborhood fails to reveal just what city is being conquered and just what war is being waged. But apparently it doesn't matter. The fact remains that *some* city was conquered *some* time. So why show your hostility to Mussolini by being picky?

FRUIT and Vegetable Stores, Grocers and Laundries continue to favor dogs gazing wistfully (or gratefully) at departing steamers; stags at bay; jackals and lions in mortal combat; and, of course, more gauze-wrapped nymphs gazing into pools.

IF ANY one trend may be said to be outstanding, it is the tremendous increase in pool-gazing. One would think that nymphs have nothing to do but go around admiring themselves in pools. And for all I know, maybe they haven't!



WHEN WINTER COMES!



WEST INDIES...THE MID-WINTER CRUISE
Caledonia • 18 Days • Jan. 24 to Feb. 11 • \$197.50 up
Down to Bermuda, Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Colon, Havana and Nassau.

THE CRUISE TO NEW PORTS
Caledonia • 18 Days • Feb. 14 to Mar. 4 • \$197.50 up
To San Juan, Santo Domingo, Colon, Kingston, Port-au-Prince and Havana.

THE AURANIA CRUISE
Aurania • 15 Days • \$141 up • From Boston Mar. 12 to Mar. 29 • From New York Mar. 13 To Mar. 28
To Bermuda, Kingston, Santiago and Havana... with an optional auto tour across Cuba from Santiago to Havana... a new low rate in West Indies Cruises.

THE EASTER CRUISE
Aurania • 12 Days • \$111 up • From Boston Mar. 31 to Apr. 14 • From New York Apr. 1 To Apr. 13
Spend Easter 'midst Bermuda's lilies... thence to Nassau and Havana... 12 days only \$111 up.

THE TROPICAL SPRING CRUISE
Tuscania • 12 Days • \$140 up • From Boston Apr. 15 to Apr. 29 • From New York Apr. 16 To Apr. 28
Sail south to meet the Spring at Bermuda... thence to Nassau and Havana... 12 days... \$140 up.



HAVANA SERVICE

The "Caronia" and "Carmania", big ships exceeding by thousands of tons any other steamer in the New York-Havana Service, sail from N. Y. every Wed. and Sat. First Class: \$90 up. Round trip \$140 up. Two Special 9 Day Cruises to Nassau and Havana, Jan. 10 and March 11. \$140 up.

HAVE YOU JOINED THE CUNARD TRAVEL CLUB? MEMBERSHIP \$1.00... INQUIRE FOR DETAILS

Carry your funds in Cunard Traveller's Cheques

Send for descriptive literature to your local agent or 25 Broadway, New York

CUNARD



—Adv.

"Hang it all! I would forget my Flit!"

The MADISON
"NEW YORK'S VERY BEST"
HOTEL
and
RESTAURANT
CABLE ADDRESS "MADISOTEL" Madison Ave. at 88th St.
THEODORE TITZE - Mgr.

33 days
EUROPE
\$255
Foremost Student
Tours, All Expenses
Over 5000 satisfied members in
1930. Small parties. First class
hotels. More motor travel. 250
tours. 26 days \$235 to 80 days
\$790. Seven-country tour \$375.
Send for Booklet
COLLEGE TRAVEL CLUB
154 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.



CONNOISSEURS
of fine food
dine at
Longchamps
in high con-
tent. Our
menu, they
say, fulfills the
most glorious
tradition of
the French
cuisine.



New York City

All Restaurants
Longchamps are
open daily includ-
ing Sundays and
all Holidays for
Breakfast, Lunch-
son, Afternoon Tea
and Dinner from
7:00 A.M. to 11 P.M.

423 MADISON AVENUE
Bet. 48th and 49th Streets
1015-17 MADISON AVENUE
Bet. 78th & 79th Streets
19-21 WEST 57th STREET
Near Fifth Avenue
40 EAST 49th STREET, Bet.
Madison & Vanderbilt Aves.
55 FIFTH AVENUE
North-east Corner 12th St.
38 WEST 58th STREET
On Fifth Avenue

Turn About Is Fair Play

List of Christmas gifts presented by
Mr. Patterson to Mrs. Patterson last
Christmas in the interests of sane and
sensible gift giving:

- One electric waffle iron.
- One vacuum cleaner.
- Electric toaster.
- Electric washing machine.
- One dozen ash trays.
- Three new cook books.

List of Christmas gifts presented by
Mrs. Patterson to Mr. Patterson this
Christmas:

- Hundred feet of garden hose.
- New coal shovel for furnace.
- Household tool chest.
- Three gallons of porch paint.
- Two dozen blow-out patches.
- Yearly subscription to *Ladies' Home*
Journal.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful
tonic and invigorator. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c.
Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

New Stuff

A Boston heiress married the young
son of the superintendent of the apart-
ment in which she lived. Most of us,
however, just call the superintendent on
the house phone or kick the radiator.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Cute Knute

Civilization advances. For years the
colleges studied Shakespeare's plays, but
the interest shifted recently to those
of Knute Rockne.



LITTLE AMERICA, by Richard E.
Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$5. The
Rear Admiral's diary, record and de-
scription of the real estate movement,
accommodations, traffic conditions and
night life at the South Pole. They found
a good place to park (without getting
a ticket) but he says they had "the pri-
vacy of goldfish and the elbow room of
sardines." And so they came back
home to join the ladies. Fine book.

N BY E, by Rockwell Kent. *Brewer
& Warren*, \$3.50. In Greenland,
where their boat "Direction" was
wrecked, R. K. found a girl, such a
girl, and how. Then there was "the
woman who was so Beautiful that
wherever she went the Sea was Calm."
His dramatically lovely drawings
(which have made so many imitators)
and his romantic, sea-driven text to-
gether give us fine thrills throughout.
Meet the Greenlanders! They are
worth it.

THE WANDERER OF LIVERPOOL, by
John Masfield. *Macmillan Co.*, \$3.50.
Vivid poetic contrast to Rockwell
Kent's book. The man who rose from
the barroom to be Poet Laureate of
England, here shows his amazing scope
—a combination of real poetry and nau-
tical detail—in which the old ship
"Wanderer" is made to symbolize an
epoch. For lovers of the sea and of
Masfield, this pictorial poetical volume
is good measure.

THE LION'S DEN, by Janet Ayer
Fairbank. *Bobbs-Merrill Co.*, \$2.50.
Man-eating senator's wife gets pin-
feather farmer-congressman, whose life
is not a happy but a snappy one. Pen-
etrating political Washington story,
the low-down on hall bedrooms and
picture palaces, private secretaries, alco-
holic content and other governmental
insecurities. Thoroughly diverting-tale.

PHILLIPPA, by Anne Douglas Sedg-
wick. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*, \$2.50.
The moral of this story is, that when
you leave your wife and get a transfer
to another lady, don't take along any
of the children—especially if she is a
girl like Phillippa. Not one of the
characters in this novel has any come-
hither, yet as a whole, it is so well done
that it holds you to the end.

—Thomas L. Masson.

Life



The Big Shot.

Side Trips for Somnambulists

"Waiter!" I called.

Noiselessly he appeared with two brimming glasses and set them before us and departed.

"He is an example," said Blake. "Did you see the blank stare? He is on his feet, but he is asleep."

"Drink up," I said, "and let's have another before he wakes."

Blake was serious. "Somnambulism," he said, thoughtfully, and added, "I always laughed when they told me I walked in my sleep."

"But when they sat down at the piano?"

"You see, it was this way. One night Alice suggested that we have nutbread. There was a box of black walnuts in the pantry and she said the cook could crack them and pick out a cupful of the meats. How much is a cook paid?"

"Well, too many cooks . . ."

"About forty cents an hour. I said I refused to pay our cook at that rate

to sit and pick out black walnut meats. English walnuts or even pecans, yes. But not black walnuts. We discussed it. When we retired we weren't speaking and not a one of the black walnuts was cracked."

"Unless," I said, "you could be considered a black walnut."

"Oh, I knew I was wrong. I set the alarm with the intention of getting up early and picking out those walnut meats. With this in mind I fell asleep. The alarm rang. I went to the pantry and found a cupful of walnut meats. The empty shells were strewn about the floor."

"Burglars?"

"Somnambulism."

"Waiter!" I called.

The waiter brought two and departed. Blake continued, "During working hours most waiters are somnambulists. The same is true of the characters known as absent-minded

professors. To a lesser degree it is true of everyone. Habit directs the somnambulist's energies during the day. At night these energies usually are wasted. My theory is that a person who trains himself in somnambulism needs no bed."

"Take out the bed and put in a ping pong table?" I said.

"Exactly. Psychologists tell us sleep is simply the play-time of the subconscious. If you feel sleepy, lapse into the subconscious and play ping pong all night."

"The neighbors might object."

Blake smiled. "If the neighbors are asleep, invite them over and have a foursome."

"Waiter!" I called. The somnambulist appeared and departed.

"The trick is in falling asleep with your mind set on what you wish to do. You have retired puzzling about something and got up in the morning with the problem solved, haven't you? While you were asleep your subconscious investigated and discovered the answer."

"Oh, sure," I said.

"Very well. The trained somnambulist is more efficient. He has the use of his body as well as of his mind. He may attend the theatre . . ."

"As a critic?"

"Yes. It would be ideal. The critic trained in somnambulism could fall asleep directly after dinner and wake in the morning to read in the newspaper his opinion of the performance he attended."

"Many do," I said.

"Well, they do to some extent. It is something in which they should be encouraged. Think of the benefit to mankind if the possibilities of somnambulism are developed!"

"I'm thinking," I said.

"We could stay awake nights and do our work during the day while we were asleep."

"Or go sight-seeing," I said. "Or meet relatives at trains or go duck hunting. We could fall asleep at daylight and wake several hours later holding eight or ten mallard ducks. No teals, all mallards."

"That's the idea," said Blake.

"We could read all the new novels," I said, warming to the subject. "Think of that! We could go to dinners, dances, bridge parties—all while we were asleep. We could . . . Blake!" I shook him. "Wake up, Blake."

—Tom Sims.



"Just think, Mike, if we was outside we'd probably be unemployed."

Close Harmony

The diners were assembled and their appetites were good;
The leader beamed upon them as a leader always would;
He badgered them to symphonize with voices high or low
And shouted, "Number twenty! All together, men—let's go!"

A lot of them were tenors with a tendency to bass
Or other modulations that were all about the place,
But doggedly or sheepishly they carolled, young and old,
Of "Little Annie Rooney" while the consommé grew cold.

When, eager for refreshment and perhaps a trifle hoarse,
They rested, faintly hoping to enjoy the second course,
Again the leader beckoned, and, compliant to his wish,
They chanted "Old Man River" while the boys removed the fish.

Entranced with "Annie Laurie," they completely missed the meat;
A ballad lost a salad which they deeply yearned to eat;
And last, to crown the tragedy, in telling how they felt
About "Sweet Adeline"—the jade!—they let the ice-cream melt!

Rotarians, Kiwanians, important boards of trade,
And hungry Lions, famished clubs—where snowy cloths are laid,
Remember, while the Muse of Song should be devoutly wooed,
The purest earthly music is no substitute for food!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Melancholia

A Washington correspondent writes that Mellon has an uneasy look these days. We hope it is only because he is out of season.

Social Error

This country was all right while we only tried to keep up with the Joneses—the depression came when we tried to pass them.



"Did you enjoy the Christmas family reunion?"
"Oh—Dorothy was sick and we didn't have to go!"

Hiss Me, Hiss Me, Again!

I clung to him, confidently. His strong, muscular arm encircled my waist and held me up, as we waltzed and glided about. One of my hands laid upon his broad shoulder, the other rested in his, and from time to time, he squeezed it and smiled. I smiled back at him. *We knew!*

We knew everybody was watching us, but we didn't care! We were young, and happy! Youth never cares; does it? We danced and danced, gazing into each other's eyes.

Then the bell clanged and the fight was over.

—Dana L. Cotie.



"What did I do last week, Hawkins?"



Home Life in Norway.

The Weather Statistician Proposes

"Please say you'll be mine, dearest, and this will be my happiest February 9th in thirty-two years. Oh, you're divine! Those lips of yours are the reddest, most kissable ones I've laid eyes on in the last seven years! If you'll only say the word, I'll give you the swellest hug given to a girl in this section of the country since the famous hug of 1891.

"Just think of our life together! We could go to Niagara Falls on the loveliest honeymoon in the past twenty-two years. We could indulge in the warmest embraces since July, 1913, and I might mix you some of the coldest drinks that have ever been recorded. I'll buy you the neatest eight-room bungalow between here and Baton Rouge with the driest roof in the entire history of bungalows.

"Think how wonderful it will be! I'll work hard, and get the largest raise in salary in January for any weather man since 1899. And maybe we'll have a little child. Just think—brighter than any baby born on a Wednesday in the

past twenty-four years! Come on, dear, say the word, and you'll have the loveliest diamond ring since 1921."

—Parke Cummings.



"Say, buddy, lesh complain! My shirts come back the same way."

Verbosity

The sculptor has rejected Coolidge's 500-word history of the United States. On the grounds, perhaps, that it is padded.

Stop Me If . . .

A news item says there are 20,000 less traveling salesmen than there were ten years ago. Our theory is they stopped at a farmer's house.

We've Had Some

"A spoonful of water contains 270,000 potential horsepower," says a scientist. That isn't water.

Service

With President Hoover's unemployment relief program only partly under way, three hobos found \$30,000 in an old tin box under a railroad trestle. It is very encouraging.

How To Get A Worm Out Of An Apple

Appeal to worm's better nature. Say apple will be sold by unemployed. Worm will want to do its bit. Will come out. Help bring back prosperity.

Educate worm. Send worm university extension course. Worm will study. Will think self sophisticated. Leave great open spaces of apple. Become book worm.

Pity worm. Say worm is poor shut in. Worm will want to prove self vigorous upstanding worm. Will attend gymnasium. Develop big muscles. Be unable to get back into hole in apple. Become bait for fisherman.

Nag worm. Find fault with worm's every action. Worm will have no peace. Will feel downtrodden. Worm will turn. Will come out in rage.

Get in touch with reliable bird. Wake same with alarm clock at early hour. Place on apple. Early bird will run true to form. Will get worm.

Take large bite out of apple. Look for worm. Worm will have disappeared. Where is worm?

—W. W. Scott.



BEACH COMBER: *Gee, I'm discouraged! I just can't remember what I came here to forget!*

Burnt Offering

Perhaps the worst thing about smoking an ordinary Christmas cigar is that half the lapel of your coat may be gone before you smell the cloth burning.

Miss Guided

"I feel sorry for Joe. He looks like a total wreck."

"I'll bet there was a woman driving him."

Post-Christmas Poem

At last
It's passed.

—C. C.

Among Those Present

Among the new plans for an eastern penitentiary is a model bank. They will have little trouble in finding a prisoner who was once a cashier.

Hamlin Sandwich

Writers are so busy debunking history we may learn soon that those mice followed the Pied Piper because he had a cheese sandwich in his hip pocket.



The fire-eater has breakfast in bed.

Old Mother Nature

Dear Friend:

Half an hour after a grebe chick is born, it can swim and dive. Your children cannot do that. A hummingbird is one of the world's greatest commuters; he winters in Central America and summers in the Northern States. Few of your friends travel that far each year.

The out-of-doors is filled with such wonders. The biography of a common mosquito, for instance, reads like the writings of S. S. Van Dyne, Harold Bell Wright and Joseph Conrad at their best. The life history of the Canada goose that honks its way overhead each Spring and Fall puts in the shade the exploits of Charles Lindbergh and Admiral Byrd. . . .

Very truly yours,

NATURE MAGAZINE,
Arthur N. Pack, President.

(Circular letter)

Arthur N. Pack, Pres.
Nature Magazine,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Pack:

I received your circular letter of even date, regarding a subscription to the Nature Magazine. It certainly must be, as you say, a box seat to the spec-

tacle of life in all its forms. But I'm not so sure that I *want* to know the out-of-doors, to be able to identify the birds, animals, insects and plants that are about me. They're not in my line of business, Mr. Pack. No—on second thought, I believe I'll continue to get along, as best I can, with a perfunctory



"Goodness, what will the servants think."

(8)

knowledge of robins, squirrels and, perhaps, geraniums.

You say a grebe chick can swim and dive half an hour after it is born, which is more than my children can do. Well, now, as a matter of fact, I have no children, sir; and, even if I did have, I wouldn't want them to swim and dive after they were half an hour old. At least, not without previous instruction. Where the child has it over the grebe chick like a tent is later on in life. Take a grebe chick fifteen years old and a child of the same age, place them side by side, ask each to recite Paul Revere's Ride, and see what happens. I'll bet your grebe chick, aquatic expert that he may be, will stand there like a goop, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other, while George, or whatever his name is, will sail right through it without a hitch.

Speaking of a hummingbird being one of the world's best commuters: I guess you never heard of Harold Taylor, a friend of mine, who lives out in Scarsdale. Harold, as we boys call him, may not be able to remain stationary, suspended in mid-air, in front of a honeysuckle, but I'll bet he can beat your feathered friend all hollow when it comes to catching the 7:36 into New York. (A hummingbird probably never even *heard* of the 7:36, and wouldn't know *what* to say if we proposed a race.)

You compare the biography of a common mosquito to the writings of S. S. Van Dyne, Harold Bell Wright and Joseph Conrad at their best. I can't dispute you, Mr. Pack, for I haven't read your life history of the mosquito. However, if a detective named Philo Vance comes in somewhere between the larva and pupa stage you can count me out on their life history.

So, you really think the Canada goose puts in the shade the exploits of Charles Lindbergh and Admiral Byrd. Come, now, Mr. Pack—be your age! It's the goose's *business* to fly back and forth to Canada—that's what he's paid for. It's part of his job. The *outstanding* goose would be one that'd *walk* to Canada. Or, better yet, fly from New York to Paris without honking.

And, now, Mr. Pack, with all due respect, zip! . . . into the basket goes your circular letter.

Hoping you will, henceforth, let Nature take her course, I am,

Yours truly,

JACQUES V. SNELPH.



EDWINA

SINBAD
Ring out the old,
Ring in the new.



Life Looks About

Alarums and Excursions

CERTAINLY these are disputatious times. What with current perplexities about economics, politics and religion there seems to be more than ordinary irritation operating on the spirits of men. With the echoes of the Manning-Lindsey controversy still reverberating there come along more or less hard words between the President and the Senate, and at considerable length in the newspapers Sinclair Lewis' Nobel prize denunciation of such literary persons and opinions in the United States as do not please him. Besides these temporary noises we have the continuous dispute about Prohibition. Since this is such a noisy world anyhow, it is just as well that some of the noise should arise out of discussion. It ought to be temperate, lucid and relevant to its subject, but though it will not be any of those things, it may be useful if the true issues can be kept clear.

Consider, for example, the altercation between Bishop Manning and Judge Lindsey, which stirred in so many observers emotions like those of the woman whose husband was fighting the bear. Lively and entertaining as it was, it was a mere by-product of the real issue in that matter which was: to what extent the Episcopal Bishop of New York should or could boss the clergy in his diocese. It said in the newspaper that the Bishop had received so many commendations for his pulpit remarks on Lindsey that he had to hire more secretaries to acknowledge them. That is all very well, but one might consider what Lindsey thinks about marriage and what Dr. Manning thinks about Lindsey and never be much disturbed, and yet be stirred to something like excitement over what seemed to be a disposition of a church officer to control the minds of his brother clergymen.

In itself, Ben Lindsey's attempt to

reply in the Cathedral on Sunday to Dr. Manning's remarks about him is indefensible because contrary to law and habits, but if it were possible to permit back talk to the pulpit, it might make Sunday sermons a good deal more interesting. That remarkable Methodist missionary in India, Stanley Jones, welcomed discussion. He heard objections cheerfully and answered them the best he could. But then his meetings were not like church services here. It is a loss to the pulpit that back talk is not permitted and probably would not be practicable, because if it were allowed, nobody could tell when a service would end nor whether he would get home in time for dinner.

AS FOR Sinclair Lewis and his remarks at Stockholm, his examination of the American people has all been made since 1914. In that year a good many readers practically abandoned novel reading, because newspapers were so much more interesting, and have not yet resumed it, and have missed Mr. Lewis' works, of which the more important have come along in the last twelve years. No doubt the young have read them all, from "Main Street" down, and as appears from his address he has himself read other novels besides his own. His remarks seem to have been very popular in Stockholm and it is evident that he has tried to speak the truth as he saw it, and angels can do no more, but they might see more truth than Lewis does. His address leaves it in doubt whether he really has understanding of what a civilized being is. He rejected a Pulitzer prize for one of his books, but expressed himself very pleased indeed to have won a Nobel Prize. He felt about it possibly as the hard-boiled peer felt about the Order of the Garter, which he welcomed because "there was no damned merit in it."

The whole business of prizes and commendations from organized bodies and particularly the giving of gold medals, seems rather overdone in our time. A sum of money is sometimes useful to the recipient, but organized

praise seems better suited to jam, pickles and chewing gum than it is to human beings. Of all useless and embarrassing things a gold medal is about the worst. There is nothing one can do with it except give it to a museum or put it in the bank.

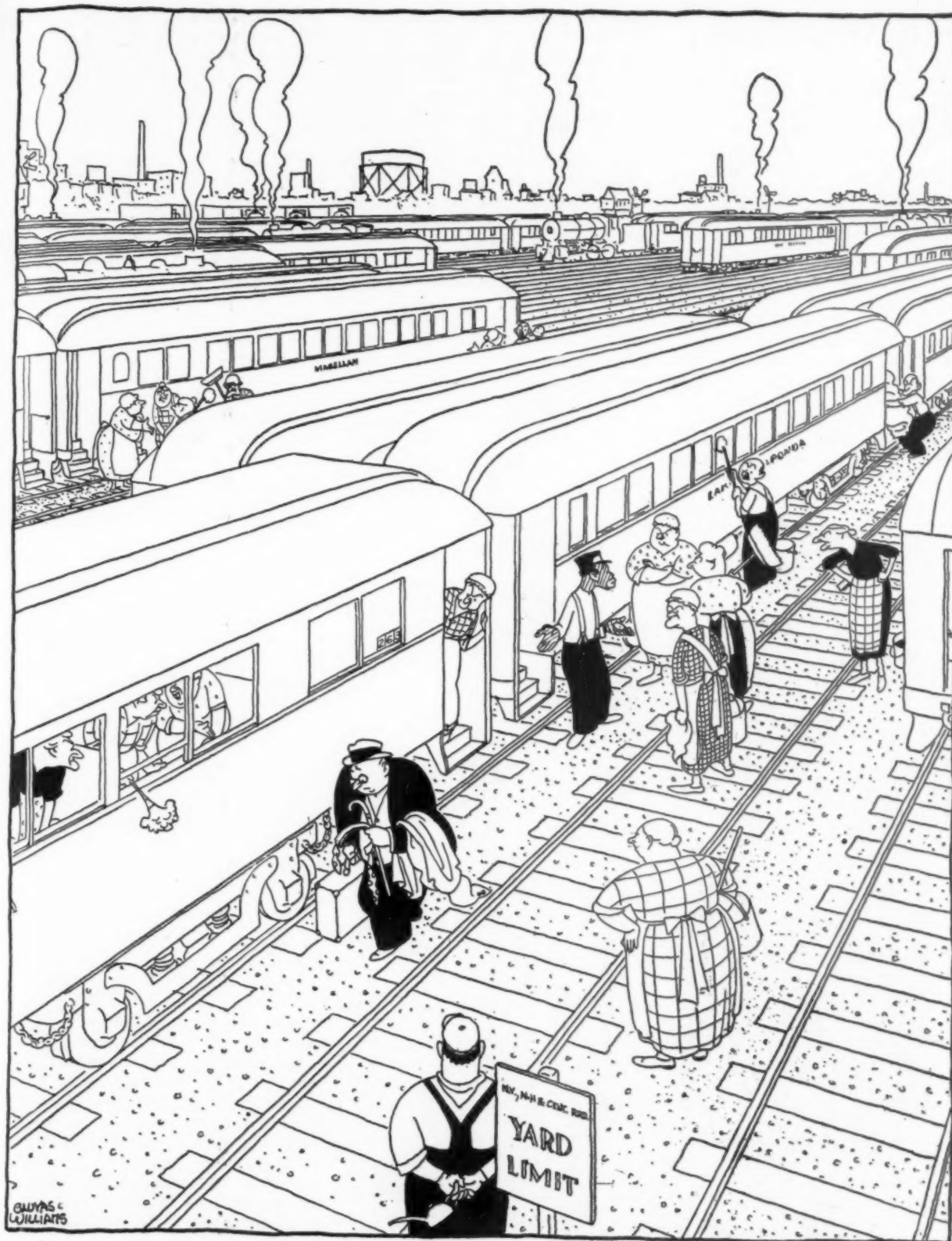
Lewis has fairly won a remarkable literary notoriety—"Main Street" means something; "Babbitt" means something. He really has let out what was in him and in that has done well, but as a literary critic his opinions do not seem important. He talks amiably but with deprecation about Howells, but Howells once wrote a story about a man named Silas Lapham, which Mr. Lewis might do worse than read.

Education, Catch-as-catch-can

NOT alone Christianity, but most of our other fundamental institutions—government, education, prohibition, prisons, foreign-policy and many others—are under fire by critics nowadays. Abraham Flexner, for example, a highly qualified expert, has come out with a book on education in which he finds much fault with it, especially as imparted in these states. He does not think it is done as it should be, but how much better off we should be if it was done as he would have it done is one of those things that one would like to know. The method of contemporary education seems to be to throw all youth into a contemporary swimming pool and then take notice how many learn to swim.

At best, education is a catch-as-catch-can matter. Some persons get it one way, some another. There are recent autobiographies of Lord Balfour and Winston Spencer Churchill. Both were exposed to contemporary education in England. It did not take in either case. Balfour got through Cambridge, but "could not master Greek or Latin." Churchill flunked and went off to a military school. Both came to something and both had notably open minds and were accessible to new ideas, and of course both must be classed as educated men. But their school was mainly life, which is of course the main educational institution.

—E. S. Martin.



The yards, that mythical place where people go who don't get up when the porter calls them.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

DECEMBER 11—My hair now at that horrible stage where I am of two minds about it, whether to have it trimmed off again or let it go into a chignon, a crossroads to which they tell me every woman who decides to let short tresses grow long does come, most of them weakening and going straight-way to the barber. But I mean to hold out a bit longer, thereby breaking a life-long record for following the path of least resistance. My new handmaiden, Anna Schmidt, is now with me three days, proving the best that ever I had in my life, her assiduity causing Samuel to remark that anyone dancing personal attendance on me is not only a body-servant but a soul-and-body-servant, but

Lord! there could never be too much service in this life to suit me, and the stage character of the season whom I envy most is Olivia in "Twelfth Night," who has three waiting-women. Marge Boothby to see me, somewhat a-twitter over lunching yesterday at a house having one of the finest private collections in the country, telling me how her eyes popped at velvet-draped walls featuring Gainsborough, Titian, Holbein, Franz Hals, Hoppner, Nattier, Fragonard, Rembrandt, etc., so I said, "Never mind the Rembrandts; what did you have for luncheon?" which she did consider the most characteristic remark that she has yet heard me make, meaning to reproach me, but even so, I was obliged to inquire three times before she confided that they had eaten bouillon, cheese and spinach soufflé, partridge, etc. Then we did speak of Mary Boland and her rôle in

"The Vinegar Tree," and did agree that women are more likely to dramatize their futures than their pasts, and Marge confided that in moments of ebullition she often fancied herself finding two burglars in her flat and shooting them down single-handed, thereby gaining glorious mention in the headlines and possibly the Carnegie medal, but I was obliged to confess that my own dreams at present extend no further than "Old Ladies' Home Entry Wins Backgammon Tournament."

DECEMBER 12—Greatly depressed this morning that my scales show an increase of four pounds in a week, all due to my unfortunate discovery of the excellent rye bread which the apothecary shop across the way does use for its sandwiches. Then, too, Samuel and I have taken to sitting up so late at night that we are unable to sleep at all without raiding the ice-box, and Sam has even bought a flashlight with which to explore its interior in order that we may not miss anything. Moreover his fondness for messing about in the kitchen inspires him cheerfully to suggest scrambling eggs and making toast at three o'clock in the morning. Lord! I must stop reading exciting literature and get to bed at a reasonable hour, forasmuch as for the last two or three nights I have been unable to put down Inspector Carey's "Memoirs of a Murder Man", which recounts his experiences as head of the Homicide Bureau, with authentic dialogue by persons questioned in all the big murders of recent years, nor "The Devil's Brigade", which tells of the famous Hatfield-McCoy feud that raged for forty years in Kentucky and West Virginia. To Lydia Loomis' for luncheon, and she did tell me of bursting in upon Agnes Compton, one of our old school cronies who has married a man younger than herself and who has been dodging us all by hiding in a great place she has bought on Long Island, and when he arrived before Lydia had left and there was nought for Agnes to do but present him, she did introduce Lydia as a friend of her mother's. Which served her right, methinks, and sent her straight to the beautician for an assurance that it was not true. Nor was it, of course, but I did cattily refrain from saying so, since Lyd, who is several years my senior, does always mention herself as my contemporary.



"My dear, I'm just a bundle of nerves!"



"Well, if it isn't Miss Fiditch, our old school teacher."

Cruel and Unusual

Rev. C. C. Grimes of Knoxville, Tenn., publicly expressed his "dislike" for "Sinclair Lewis, potato salad and H. L. Mencken."

J. J. Leary of Boston remained a bachelor, although he issued five hundred thousand marriage licenses as head of the Bureau.

Governor-elect W. H. Murray of Oklahoma announced he would not speak at any more children's christening parties.

Henry Eikhoff of Deal, New Jersey, invented an electrical device to shock mosquitos to death.

The Sunday School Superintendents of Pittsburgh refused to join the W. C. T. U. in an anti-cigarette drive.

The Board of Education at Belgrano, Argentine, forbade high school girls the use of rouge or lipstick.

Judge Irmini of Florence, Italy, sentenced a young couple to jail for kissing in public.

The Chamber of Deputies of Poland passed a national law for compulsory bathing.
—W. E. Farbstain.

Lucky Break

A New York woman is suing for \$200,000 because her jaw was broken in a wreck. We understand she claims total disability as a wife.

New Static

A new television set broadcasts color. Before long what you think is "The Stars and Stripes Forever" may be the announcer's necktie.

R. I. P.

Explorers have unearthed a strange musical instrument played, they say, by the cave dwellers hundreds of years ago. If they have any sense at all they'll bury it again.

Looking for An Accident

"Bottled beer," we read, "was discovered during the reign of Edward VI by accident." And today much of it is discovered in the same way.



Life in Washington

By CARTER FIELD.

Presidential Troubles.

CALVIN COOLIDGE, with his back to his desk in the White House executive offices, was drawing slowly on a long cigar. He gazed out of the windows at the low hills on the Virginia shore of the Potomac. A visitor anxious to curry favor was condoling him on the ordeal to which this country subjects its rulers. Why it didn't kill all of them as it had Wilson and Harding he could not understand.

Cal listened, his eyes steadily looking out the window, the smoke curling up very slowly. Finally he waved his cigar in front of him as a pointer.

"We had a President once who saw the flag of rebellion on those hills over there," he said. "No President since Lincoln has had any *real* trouble."

Which may or may not explain why some of the National Committeemen of the Grand Old Party are seriously talking about drafting Coolidge to save the party in 1932. Whatever may be the reason, the fact is that they are tremendously frightened at the prospect of a Wet Democrat walking away with the Northeastern group of states, holding the South, and winning just enough of the remaining states to be elected.

Which means that they think they—and the Administration—are in deeper trouble than Lincoln ever knew about. So they like to think about a man who didn't realize that refusing to agree to a bonus for the war heroes was a dangerous thing to do—or at least didn't worry his friends and scare his lieutenants about it. And a man who was not frightened into signing the McNary-Haugen bill, and didn't seem to be hurt politically by vetoing it.

"I believe Coolidge can get away with this prohibition thing," one national committeeman from the Far West commented to a colleague. "I do not know whether he is wet or dry, though I suspect him of being strong for state's rights. But whatever he would say would sound grand to the country."

All of which illustrates the blue funk in which the recent election left the G. O. P. leaders.

Some of them are still very loyal to the "Chief." One of these urged Mr. Hoover strongly to come out bravely for some form of modification, so as to lay the prohibition ghost. But this one was unusually brave. Most of them fear that the Drys would murder the Republican ticket with a third party in such an event.

But if you think this talk about drafting Coolidge is humorous don't expect to win a genuine smile the next time you have dinner at the White House, or with one of the members of

brandt's grape concentrates with several of these would-be Coolidge drafters on the National Committee, the writer inquired how they thought they could defeat a sitting President for renomination.

"You would only have to suggest it," one retorted. "How do you think the New York delegation would go? Or Massachusetts?"

So don't expect a laugh from them either. One of the brethren of this little coterie, by the way, came as far East as Chicago with his comrades, and then decided to go back home. And this was the one who led the clan in chopping off the heads of the anti-Hoover contesting delegates out at Kansas City back in 1928. For the old army game of seating the right dele-

gates is just as important today as it was in 1912, when the Roosevelt delegates were thrown out on their ears, and enough Taft delegates seated to insure his nomination. Usually the members of the National Committee are very docile indeed where a President of their own party is concerned. Political power for such gentry is derived very largely from patronage. The President can cut it off. But by the same token when a President cuts it off he must not expect loyal support from members of his national committee.

To cite a particular case, in illustration, about gentlemen not quoted in this story, when the President appointed Judge Hopkins, of Kansas, at the request of Senator Henry J. Allen, it was a slap in the face for Dave Mulvane, the old political boss of that state, and one of the original Hoover men on the National Committee.

And that slap in the face is one of the reasons why Henry J. Allen was defeated on November 4.

But Mr. Coolidge's ears must certainly have burned up in Northampton a few nights ago. If they did no one will ever know it. Not even Frank Stearns. Which perhaps is another reason why the conversations took place.



And Prohibition hasn't worked since!

the Secretariat, by mentioning it. Nor up at Northampton, Massachusetts, where a certain newspaper columnist knows when he is well off. He may think no President since Lincoln has had any real trouble, but he doesn't hanker for any more of the lesser kind.

After several delightful glasses of the derivative of Mable Walker Wille-

Modern Camping

WILLIS: Hello, old man, where have you been?

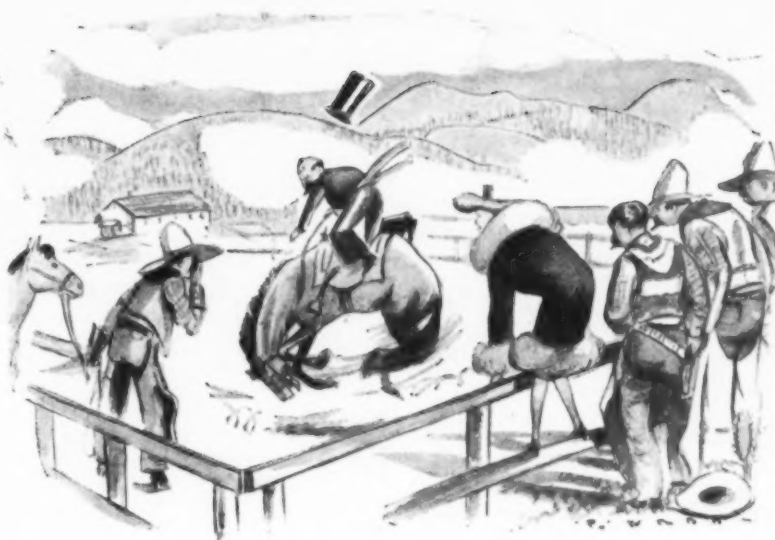
GILLIS: Just got back from a camping trip.

WILLIS: Roughing it, eh?

GILLIS: You bet. Why one day our portable dynamo went on the bum and we had no hot water, electric lights, ice, heat or radio for almost two hours.

Goody!

Every cloud has its silver lining. Although 1930 has been a year of grief and depression, think of the fun we shall have making out our income tax returns next March.



*"Let 'er throw ya up near the house, Mr. Peebles—
you're wanted on the phone."*

As Mr. Coolidge Might Reply

There are in this country a certain body of men whose vocation it is to be funny. This group is known collectively as the humorist group. It has been the observation of a number of people that in the last five or six months this group has been devoting itself increasingly to copying the stylistic make-up of my column. When a humorist succeeds in accomplishing this in such a fashion that it affords mirth to his readers he is said to have effected a take-off. These take-offs have steadily increased in quantity, and the question may very well be raised as to how many humorists, deprived of this opportunity, might otherwise have starved to death in these times of mild depression. In conclusion one is tempted to remark that if between ninety-five and one hundred per cent of these humorists did in fact starve to death the country might very well be immeasurably benefited, both spiritually and materially. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

—Parke Cummings.



*"Visitor to see you, Number
Nine-o-nine."
"Tell him I ain't in."*

We Nominate

And since Legs Diamond has pulled through all right he seems to be the logical candidate for President of Mexico.

The Care and Feeding of Debutantes

By JACK CLUETT.

WEIGHT, GROWTH AND MANAGEMENT.

When should a child walk alone?

The first attempts are generally seen in the twelfth or thirteenth month when she is thrown out of an automobile on a country road.

What conditions postpone these events?

Acquiescence and rickets.

Should a child be urged to walk?

Never; she is usually quite willing to creep up Park Avenue past Pierre's of her own accord, if there are any photographers there; and soon she will learn to take hold of a doorman and take short steps from the theater to a taxicab, if he lures her on with a celluloid rattle. Don't be alarmed if Muriel starts to dance before she can walk.

DENTITION.

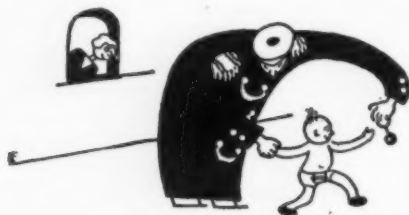
How many teeth are there in the first set?

Twenty-one, including a pearl button which nurse put in baby's mouth to keep her quiet.

What is the time of their appearance?

The two central lower teeth are usually the first to appear. The mother should tap them to make sure they're teeth and then phone her husband and say: "Muriel has rush of teeth to the face!"

Next are the four upper central teeth, which immediately drop out and



are swallowed. The other two lower central teeth come from the twelfth to the thirteenth month and keep you awake all night. Then follow the four canine teeth used for snipping off dental floss, the two upper ones being known as upper 6 and 7 or the "eye teeth," and the two lower ones as "snappers." Upper 6 and lower 6, when taken together, are called "A section."

The four back double teeth, which

complete the first set, are used for crushing sand in spinach and cracking walnuts.

What is the danger line?

The danger line usually starts in a canoe where the lips meet the neck. One way to protect the danger line is to eat onions before listening to it. Pink toothbrush is the result of brushing your lips instead of your teeth. Brush your teeth twice a day, change



your oil every 5,000 miles and with the \$3.00 saved buy yourself half a dozen moth balls.

Of what use is fat?

It is needed to produce sugar in the body.

Of what use is sugar?

It is needed to produce fat in the body.

Of what use is the body?

Without the body we would have no place for the fat and sugar. After mixing them together we would have sort of a sweetened paste which would be practically useless. The body changes these elements into alcohol without a government permit and we're mighty lucky to have it.

Of what use are the salts?

They lend a certain tang to a hot bath and an order of soft-boiled eggs. For other uses consult your physician.

NURSING.

Of what use is a nurse?

The nurse is useful in changing baby's social engagements and entertaining the cop on the beat. If baby cries for mamma she should be given a governess who will tell her, in German, to hush up or she'll be fed to the wolves. If mother tip-toes up stairs into the nursery to peek at her child the nurse should be there to give her the ha-ha and tell her baby is out on a bender. If the mother keeps insisting on seeing her child the baby should be bundled right off to a finishing school in Italy.

At what period is nursing of greatest importance?

During the Fall, when mother is busy being a luncheon bridge hostess, a nurse should always be left at home to answer the phone.

Are fruits likely to disturb a nursing infant?

Not unless she's sitting under an apple tree the first couple of weeks in October.

AIRING.

How early may airing be commenced?

Airing may be begun with a strong, unconventional debutante, when she is one month old, by taking off her stockings for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time. This period may be gradually lengthened by ten or fifteen minutes each day until at eighteen years of age stockings need not be worn at all.

Is there not great danger of a debutante taking cold when aired in this manner?

No; instead of rendering the child liable to take cold, it renders the photographers liable to take pictures.

On what kind of days should baby not go out?

Days the telephone doesn't ring, days she's giving a luncheon bridge at home and days after nights before.



Of what importance is the weight of the child?

None, provided she sits on her own lap.

What should be the average gain during the first year?

At three months it should be twelve to thirteen pounds. (That's for English royalty. In computing the weight of an American sub-debutante use \$4.87 for the pound.) In six months, at compound interest (not counting what grandmother left), it ought to more than double, and at the end of one year baby ought to be wealthy enough to get a job posing for Pond's Cream or Woodbury's Soap.



Overproduction.

Theatre • by Baird Leonard

MY ABILITY to rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep has reached a point which amounts to a public scandal in a theatrical audience. Merriment on the stage does not have to be noticeably rife to make me forget Lord Chesterfield's pronouncement on the vulgarity of audible laughter and indulge in a few guffaws, and if a soubrette begins to whimper because she has been taken to the wrong restaurant or refused a diamond bracelet, I am obliged to fight back sympathetic sobs by sternly reminding myself that it is only a play. This anile similarity to Ben Bolt's sweet Alice has made me chary, as a reviewer, of applying the adjective "moving" to a performance. Anybody whose emotions can be knocked over by a feather—or, at most *two* feathers—has no right to employ a term of which the significance is valuable only in proportion to the resistance which it encounters. I have therefore decided that my justification in using it depends upon the *extent* to which I am affected. A mere catch in the throat is nothing. A surreptitious poking of my pocket-handkerchief up under my spectacles is also short of the mark, and the necessity for a speedy powdering of nose and eyelids before the lights go on should be interpreted rather as a concession to my vanity than as an eloquent bit of dramatic criticism. But when the tears rain down my cheeks in such profusion that I abandon all attempts to check them and quietly thank God that I am wearing a black lace dress that will not spot, *then* it is that I feel entitled to admit in public that I was moved. And that is what happened down at the Civic Repertory Theatre when I saw "Alison's House."

If I were dividing the cause of my collapse into component fractions, I should rate it two parts Susan Glaspell, two parts performance, and six parts Emily Dickinson. I like to think that I was really bawling for the memory of that marvelous woman who had the misfortune to fall in love with a married man and lived out her despairing life in Amherst, Massachusetts, in days when inhibitions and suppressions were not mentioned even in impolite society. The exquisite poetry which she wrote in her lonely and sorrowful moments has made her loss the world's

gain, but it must be small comfort, when your heart is broken, to know that you will be rated with the immortals after you are dead, and it must be considerably smaller solace *not* to know it. Miss Glaspell and Miss Le Gallienne's company bring out that note of sacrifice and futility with great sympathy and understanding. The poetess' name has been changed to Alison Stanhope and her dwelling place to Iowa, but there is no mistaking Emily Dickinson's tragic love affair and posthumous celebrity as the theme of the play. The action takes place in 1900, eighteen years after its phantom heroine's death, and if the Stanhope family is not exactly what might have been found in the Dickinson house in Amherst at that time, the company is to be all the more congratulated for putting across the footlights a spiritual authenticity. They triumph over such flaws in staging as a library of gleamingly new books, apparently bought by the yard, and over such slip-ups in casting as a Semitic-looking youth who trades upon his famous aunt's interest to the Harvard faculty in order to make the grade in his English course. Miss Le Gallienne's rôle is Elsa Stanhope, of all the family most like Alison in sweetness and light, but lacking her strength to resist the wrong kind of romantic temptation. She comes back to spend a last night in the old house before it is sold, and her presence saves for posterity, with an unfortunate overdose of drama in a last and unnecessary scene, the hitherto undiscovered sheaf of Alison's poems, which old Agatha, with a good deal of gasping and wig-wagging, had tried to destroy, and which her father, in the fine and honorable frenzy of the outraged 1900's, was bent on burning in order to shield his sister's "reputation."

IT IS an interesting experience to go down to the Civic Repertory. The old Fourteenth Street Theatre, in spite of its apparently distant location, is more easily and rapidly reached than the Broadway playhouses because you are not obliged to approach it through congested traffic. The house itself retains the atmosphere of earlier days, and the audiences are unlike those to be encountered in any other dramatic temple in the town. They are eager, enthusiastic, and fully conscious that

they will have had their money's worth upon departure. In front of me, a girl in a middy blouse read a thick law-book—are there any thin ones?—between the acts. Next her sat a youth in tails and white gloves escorting his mother, who had a small black velvet bow in her hair. My companion confided that he had seen his first play—a Palmer Cox Brownie piece—at this old theatre after the Fifth Avenue Hotel barber had given him a Knave-of-Hearts haircut and he had topped off a magnificent luncheon at Dorland's with so much ice cream that the mere sight of the passing candy butcher revived a squeamish memory of that gala afternoon.

BEWITCHING and adorable are the two adjectives which fit Helen Hayes best, and she lives up to them nobly in "Petticoat Influence," a piece in which she seems like a bit of fluffy American femininity thrown to the British lion. Everybody around her is English to the core, and if the dialogue shows that core to be similar in streaks to the state of Denmark in Hamlet's day, no serious harm is done, and even the Foreign Office, which comes in for most of the hilarious lambasting, couldn't have minded much, for the London run is featured prominently in the advertising. The slender plot is based on Dickie Chalfont's disappointment in failing to land the governorship of Ahda (phonetic spelling), a remote and obscure island where he had spent seven years studying the natives and making them pro-British, and on which he had written several ponderous volumes. Lord Darnaway, "the old curmudgeon," had given the post to his wife's uncle in order to be rid of him. Peggy, Dickie's wife, is even madder about it than he is, and after three or four sips of pre-war Scotch, she leaps to the startling and correct conclusion that Lady Darnaway and Reggie Melcombe, Darnaway's secretary and Dickie's best friend, have been winter-sporting together at Fels, and she manages to convey subtly to the countess that unless her husband is satisfactorily reconsidered at once, she will spill the dirt. The one large laugh of the evening arises from Melcombe's response, "O come, now!" when she asks him directly if he is in love with his employer's wife. But

there are plenty of pleasant ripples throughout the performance, largely due to the excellence with which the characters fit into the mild satire on the wangling of appointments through the Foreign Office. In spite of the title, I should say that the fat parts have been given to the men. Reginald Owen provokes constant laughter as Melcombe, Eric Cowley, as the uncle, makes a silly-ass Englishman almost plausible, and Henry Stephenson, as Darnaway, walks off with most of the situations. He and Miss Hayes have a lovely scene together in the second act—a scene recalling the Billie Burke-John Drew and the Marie Doro-William Gillette teams—wherein Darnaway, suspecting that his wife has a lover and pitching on Dickie as the man, has the splendid idea of a mutual shift wherein he will gracefully resign his countess to a cavalier likely to take her so far away as Ahda, and retain the charming Peggy for himself. Later, after the muddle is cleared up according to the best worldly code, he is allowed to bring down the final curtain with, "Every man is allowed to

suspect his wife once. If he guesses wrong, the rest is silence."

"Petticoat Influence" is one of those plays which solves the after-dinner problem neatly and merrily. One feature which impressed me in the performances of Miss Hayes and John Williams was their ability to project the fact that they were happily and humorously married and that they actually loved each other.

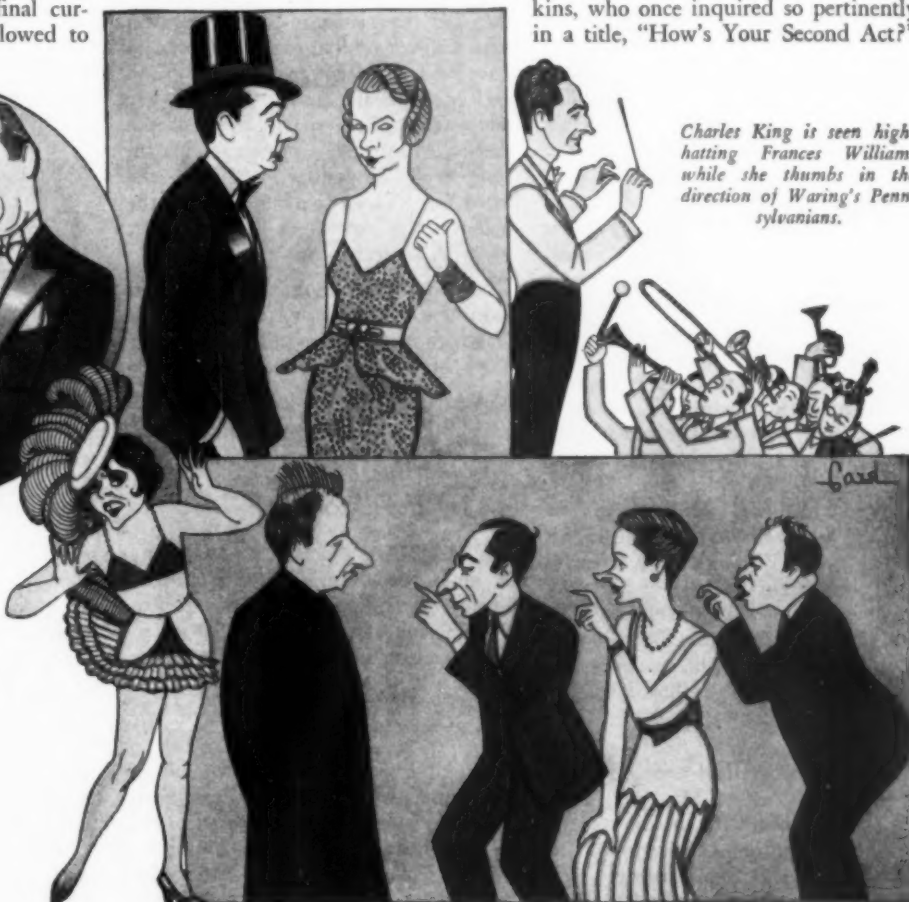
WHEN I read that Sir James Barrie had been made Chancellor of Edinburgh University I had much the same feeling for the students that I should have for myself if Will Rogers, or anybody else who would make good copy for the newspapers, should be elected President of the United States. Nothing, I thought, could be more fun than a whimsical college president. I was full of high hope when I picked up the copy of his installation address, "The Entrancing Life," which Scribner's sent me, and I was even fuller, after gliding, with some misgivings,

over some passages devoted to the beauty of Balfour's name and a few references to the expansion of the University, when I came upon this inquiry: "How do you like it, you new graduates? Are those the resilient notions you are carrying away with you in your wallets? Is it Lochaber no more for you? I don't believe it. The flavour cannot have gone out of the past. The haggis can still charge uphill. I'll tell you a secret. Have you an unwonted delicious feeling on the tops of your heads at this moment, as if an angel's wing had brushed them half an hour or so ago?" etc. It was therefore a great blow to come across this a bit farther on: "You may discover in the end that your life is not unlike a play in three acts with the second act omitted." Could anything be more cruel? After all, one Commencement address is, like one American to a foreigner, very like another. If we must, as fledgling bachelors of arts, apply the Freytag diagram to our lives, I, for one, prefer to string with Arthur Hopkins, who once inquired so pertinently in a title, "How's Your Second Act?"



"The New Yorkers"

Marie Cahill and Richard Carle (above) who appear pleasantly if briefly. To the right, in the feathers, we have Ann Pennington, as when haven't we?



Charles King is seen high-hatting Frances Williams while she thumbs in the direction of Waring's Pennsylvanians.

And here are the real reasons for the show, those lovable lunatics, Clayton, Jackson and Durante. Hope Williams plays just as crazy as they do, thereby gaining considerable respect from this department.

Movies • by Harry Evans

"The Blue Angel"

THIS picture, which is being released through Paramount, and features Emil Jannings and Marlene Deitrich, was made in Germany by the UFA company more than a year before Miss Deitrich came to this country to make "Morocco" for Paramount. Another fact which may lead you to believe that "The Blue Angel" is one of the bigger and better Paramount productions is that it is directed by Josef von Sternberg who supervised "Morocco." He accepted the assignment when he was on vacation in Germany. This information is offered as a warning. If you have seen Miss Deitrich in "Morocco," which is a very good movie, you will surely have the desire to see "The Blue Angel," particularly as it also marks Jannings' first appearance in this country as a talkie performer. And you may still have the desire after you read this review . . .

UFA and Mr. von Sternberg had a bright idea in mind when "The Blue Angel" was in the making. The plot was this—the dialog would be partly in German and partly in English, with enough of both to allow a perfect stranger to follow the plot in either tongue . . . and the idea was carried out with commendable ingenuity. Whatever doubt there may be in your mind as to what is being spoken in German is made clear by the pantomime and subsequent English phrases. Mr. Jannings' command of English is limited, for which we can excuse him. His acting, of course, needs no excuse. The story, however, is one of those things in which Mr. Jannings goes mad and dies, and we have seen him do this trick a sufficient number of times to know that this is not one of his more convincing go-mad-and-die efforts. Mr. Jannings is forced to crow like a rooster a number of times as he loses his reason, and we have never heard a more nerve-wracking sound.

Realizing that he had a tough job on his hands, the astute Mr. von Sternberg searched about for the most pleasing element at his command with which to fill in the spots during which he was keeping Jannings' broken English out of the picture, and, happily

enough, he decided on Miss Deitrich's legs, as who wouldn't. Not once during the picture does Marlene appear with all of her clothes on, or at least if she does we cannot recall the moment. As in "Morocco," Miss Deitrich wears costumes which are designed according to the accepted opinion of what's naughty on the continent, and what's naughty on the continent is very likely to appeal to the male population of the United States. In addition to this Marlene sings two songs—"Blonde Women" and "Falling in Love Again." The second one (reminiscent of "No Foolin'") is well done.

One bit of dialogue which merits special mention is Marlene's answer to one of Emil's speeches. First you must know that, in this German-made picture Marlene is cast as an American girl . . . a singer who is working in a German beer garden called The Blue Angel. Yes, that's where they got the title for the picture . . . in case you may think it refers to a Nice Girl who has lived to learn and regret. Emil and Marlene are alone. He suddenly addresses her in German—to which she replies, "I'm surry, but yuh'll hev to spik mah lungwidge." When the usher came down to ascertain what the hell was the matter, we explained that we were subject to fits.

So, on the one hand you have Mr. Jannings, a fine actor, playing a part that will annoy you—and on the other hand, Marlene's attractive legs.

We don't think the legs are worth it.

"Way For A Sailor"

IT HAS been reported a good many times that John Gilbert is not an attractive talkie actor. He has failed to click in polite, drawing-room stories, so Metro-Goldwyn now offers him in the rôle of a hard-boiled love-'em-and-leave-'em sailor . . . making one hundred and seventy-six in all.

Tough guy with lots of women in his past falls in love with nice girl. History of bad boy repulses nice girl at first but gradually she succumbs, thereby encouraging all of the play boys in the whole world, which is not so good . . . unless you happen to be-

lieve in Judge Ben Lindsey, which we do.

However, with all of our objections to this film, and they are not without pretty solid foundation, we advise you to see it just to show you how much the reports in the film magazines can be exaggerated. Not so long ago you probably read about that fierce fisticuffs encounter between Mr. Gilbert and the writer, Jim Tully. Well, sir, here in this picture we find John and Jim playing rôles as pals, just as though nothing had happened. John is the Romeo sailor and Jim, becoming an actor for the nonce (spelled correctly), is his companion, guide and satellite. And all this time we had been hoping that they might scrap again and really get somewhere with it.

Other than this beautiful, not to say surprising, friendship between John and Jim, there is nothing much to talk about in this picture, unless it is Wallace Beery, who is always worth seeing, even when his chances to be funny are as limited as they are here—and some good ship-wreck photography.

"See America Thirst"

THIS comedy presents two fine comedians, Harry Langdon and Slim Summerville, in a burlesque on gangster life.

When producers make two comic stars ad lib as much as Harry and Slim are forced to do in this picture, it is because the boys are too dumb to memorize lines, the scenario writers are too stupid to write good ones, or the film was made in too big a hurry. There are several good gag situations, the featured one being the old Harold Lloyd favorite of hanging precariously in midair forty stories above the street. The other laughs can be spotted before they come off. In spite of this Messrs. Langdon and Summerville made a large audience giggle frequently the night we sat doggedly through the film.

If the awkward moments between dialog are to be blamed on either principal, we unhesitatingly pass the buck to Mr. Langdon, who obviously tries to adapt his vaudeville technique to the screen. Mr. Summerville has already proven his ability as a movie elocutionist.

To An Architect Planning A Suburban Home

Oh give me no such house
As Russian or Dutch house
To live in when I'm fat and forty;
No honorable mansion,
With room for expansion,
Nor anything foreign and sporty.

Don't argue and dally,
I'll not shilly-chalet,
I'll guard against that future chateau.
I won't hacienda
My old age. I send a
Report out I villa fie that-o.

A castle or schloss they
May please some, it's jus' they
Are not the American gent-type;
So don't give me those, see?
I want something cosy!
I guess I'm an old-fashioned tent-type.
—Carroll Carroll.

The Modern Dictionary

Babe, n. In modern usage, any adult person of the opposite sex.

Education, n. An attempt to impart or acquire wisdom by an artificial process. We have no word to denominate the usual result of the attempt. What the English language needs is the noun *idiotelligence*.

Icequake, n. The crash or concussion attending the breaking up of masses of ice. The series of more severe crashes and concussions after the smaller chunks have been served in cocktail glasses is known as a party.

Eavesdropping, n. A pleasant pastime by which our ancestors acquainted themselves with their neighbors' affairs. The practice is now on the decline, our thoughtful architects having provided us with apartment buildings through which this information percolates at all hours of the day or night, whether you care to listen to it or not.

Foresight, n. That which is known in a business sense as vision. Its chief value is that it enables you to see and grasp the splendid opportunities of the future, and thus to obtain from them a measure of satisfaction before the moving finger of the present passes over them and transforms them into the horrible mistakes of the past.

—W. W. H.

OUR OWN MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE.

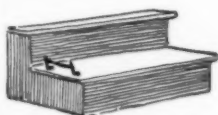
No. 9765A.



Set of Fools to rush in where Angels
fear to tread.

\$8.616.²² per Set.

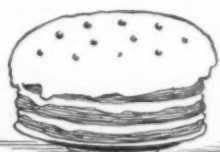
No. 865B1.



A step to be used
in going from
the sublime to
the ridiculous.

\$117.⁶²

No. 752D2.



Cake for you
not to eat
and have it.

\$26.⁴¹

No. 6456B.



P's and Q's
for you to
mind.

\$13.⁰⁰ per doz.

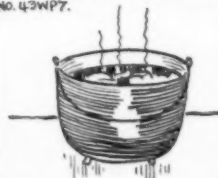
No. 54K16.



Old shoe for you to put
your children in if you
have so many you don't
know what to do.

\$366.⁶⁶

No. 43WP7.



Mess of pottage
not to throw
away your
birthright for.

\$12.⁰⁰ per mess.

No. 32ZX5.



Tent to fold while
you silently steal
away like the
Arabs.

\$1,671.²²

No. 777M7.



A long Time
for
between drinks.

\$88.⁴⁴

No. 862RX10



Adz for shaping our ends
rough hew them as we may.

\$198.⁰⁰ each.

with Knollies (30)

The Pernicious Ballot

("They say" that women are worse because they vote.)

When Eve the apple ate of yore,
And threw to Adam just the core,
She would have coaxed the Snake for more—
If she had voted!

And there's Delilah, crafty jane,
Who bobbed her Samson's flowing mane,
She might have bashed his sleepy brain—
If she had voted!

There's Cleopatra of the Nile,
Who vamped grim warriors with a smile;
She would have bumped 'em off in style—
If she had voted!

Lucrezia Borgia's poisoned wine
Despatched her guests who came to dine;
Which leads us Moderns to opine—
She *must* have voted!

The Pilgrim Mothers had no chance
To Lead the Fathers any Dance.
But wouldn't Life have spelled Romance—
If they had voted!

L'envoi

New Woman, in *your* hours of ease,
You act as devilish as you please;
You throw convention to the breeze—
Because you vote!

You go to Night Clubs and get "tight";
You swear like US, and shoot at sight;
You've put us in *your* place all right—
You've got our goat!
—Georgiana Cheesman.

Conclusion After Perusing Several Works On Behaviorism

These childish faiths
and bright colored illusions
were woven of good stuff, gentlemen.
A trifle shiny at the seat
and somewhat frayed, albeit
genteelly so
like an old suit
Moulded through wear
to my angular substance
Withal, very comfortable
and good for at least
another year's
service.

—ed. graham.

Attention, Mr. Lindsey

"Why are there so many divorces the first year?" asks
an editorial writer. Well, cooking isn't as much fun
as necking was.



"Purty quiet New Years in 4-B."

"A dollar goes further than it did a year ago," says
an editorial. Those who have tried to get one back
agree.



"Block that kick!"

Great Minds at Work



More beautiful ladies have loved fat men than thin men.
—O. O.

McIntyre.

An African native would probably be miserable in Hollywood.

—Ronald Colman.

My tip is that wheat is a good buy.
—Chairman Legge of the Farm Board.

After a horse, man is the most stupid animal created.
—H. L. Mencken.

I hardly ever go out, because I don't like being recognized in public.

—Clara Bow.

I find the average speakeasy a pleasant place in which to sit down and eat.

—Heywood Brown.

I have lived many lives. I believe I am a million years old.

—Elinor Glyn.

Life is full of perplexities.

—William Lyon Phelps.

I believe most positively in my own ideas, right or wrong.

—George Jean Nathan.

The novel which is assured to popularity usually must assert that all American men are tall, handsome, rich, honest and powerful golfers.

—Sinclair Lewis.

It is not a laughing age. Notice how little laughter you hear on the streets.

—Sherwood Anderson.

Falling in love with a girl in a book is perhaps the safest way of falling in love.

—Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

I've never done a thing actually bad.

—Clara Bow.

I don't like the Russians; I think they are really a very naughty people.

—Randolph Churchill.

Women are all right; but I don't like them as a people.

—Joe Gordon.

The Stein Song

Anheuser-Busch, Inc., has purchased land in New Jersey on which a million dollar plant will be built. We must go over and hear the men singing at their work.



Wise-Cracking

Instead of reducing its force a Chicago firm is giving all employees three hours for lunch. With that much time on his hands an industrious man could live on hickory nuts.



Life at Home

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.—Edward S. Saunders, Negro candidate for Justice of the Peace, explained to the Police Judge when haled into court for knocking out his wife's teeth, that he needed publicity in his election campaign.

OMAHA—A local citizen nailed a horseshoe over the door of his filling station on Friday. On Saturday, the station was held up. On Monday, the station was again held up. On Wednesday, a truck crashed into the gas pump. On Thursday, the horseshoe was taken down and thrown into the ashcan.

NEW YORK—Researchers at Columbia University analyzed the emotion of laughter in children ranging from one to five years of age. They found that the couplet, "Snow, snow, beautiful snow, Step on a hunk and zip you go," made twenty-eight per cent laugh and twenty per cent smile, while, "Pooh, pooh, there's mud on your shoe," made eighteen per cent laugh and brought no smiles.

AIRMONT, N. Y.—School trustees are in a quandary, for voters appropriated money to build a new school, but rejected a bond issue for the land. They can erect a school except for the fact that they have no place to put it.

SAN FRANCISCO—An expedition of the American Naval Observatory returned from a trip to Tin Can Island. They reported that they had distributed over a ton of chewing gum to the natives. These became such expert gum-snappers that they wove the maneuver into their ceremonial dances.

SPARTANBURG, S. C. — John Davis, a negro, was working on the chain gang when he managed to hide and escape the officers. Two months later he was recaptured and sentenced to thirty days or \$100 fine for stealing his striped prison uniform.

LOS ANGELES—Aimee Semple McPherson, red-haired whoopee soul-saver, is Heaven's gift to the local press, a statistician reports. During the last five years she has been first-page copy on an average of three times a week.

NEW YORK—Alexander Ben Auerbach, a New Jersey rag picker, escaped jail—temporarily—by falling asleep in the federal court in New York.

Judge Henry W. Goddard was about to sentence Auerbach for his admitted part in a \$100,000 arson ring, when the prisoner was discovered to be asleep.

Repeated efforts failed to awake him and a physician reported that he was suffering from an attack of sleeping sickness. Relatives told Judge Goddard that the last time he had an attack he didn't wake up for sixteen weeks.

The law states that a man must hear his sentence, so while Auerbach is asleep he is immune.

CHICAGO—A trained monkey is the latest recruit to gangdom. Thieves pushed a small monkey through a narrow opening intended for passing out refuse from an apartment, and the animal unlocked the door, admitting the burglars.

WHITE PLAINS—Three seniors studying sociology at Muhlenberg College were given letters of introductions to prison authorities in New York to further their studies by first hand information. They didn't need the letters. Within twenty-four hours they were in jail charged with resisting an officer, assault, disorderly conduct and violation of the Volstead Act.

SEATTLE, WASH. — Jung Ah Lung, 64, when being questioned by Federal officers regarding possession of narcotics, admitted he had been married thirty-eight years and never had any trouble with his wife. He was then asked the present whereabouts of his wife. "Oh, she been in China all the time," was his bland answer.

RICHMOND, VA.—Ben Wiegart of Los Angeles wrote a letter to Governor Pollard asking him for the wishbone of his Thanksgiving turkey. He explained that he was making a collection of wishbones from fowls "owned and eaten by distinguished men."



"That's the delicate shade of green I was trying to describe."

Life Abroad

LONDON, ENGLAND — Each morning an official of the London County Council tramways puts his head out his window and tests the weather. And what he decides means whether the windows on the trams remain open, partly open or closed. On buses one may adjust the windows to suit oneself—given the strength and ability to keep fellow travelers from making any change—but on the trams, windows are locked in position and can only be opened or shut when so demanded by a majority of the passengers.

JUAREZ, MEXICO—A waiters' race with a prize of \$50 will be held over a course fifteen blocks long. Each contestant will balance a tray with a glass of whiskey, a chaser of water, a glass of beer and a bottle of beer on it, on his right hand, and the first to finish with all the drinks unspilled will be judged the winner.

LONDON—The Prince of Wales is now the master of five foreign languages: French, German, Danish Spanish and Italian. He says that if he had the time he would "very much like to learn to speak American."

VIENNA—When T. Loikim died two years ago in a Vienna hotel, on his way from the United States to Poland, only \$20 was found in his meager belongings. Relatives insisted he must have had a considerable amount of money with him, so the Polish Consulate sent a man to make a search. The investigator—who has only one leg—was greatly interested in the artificial leg worn by Mr. Loikim, and found \$88,000 in notes inside it.

WINGATE, DURHAM—A hen owned by Robert Southern, of New Row, near here, has been laying an egg daily in the frying pan of the Southern pantry for many weeks.

She arrives every morning between ten and eleven o'clock and passes through the kitchen into the pantry, where the skillet is kept ready for her on the floor.

LENINGRAD, RUSSIA — Movie addicts who are short of cash may obtain admittance to theatres in exchange for old clothing, potatoes, eggs, flowers, or what have you. The box office cashier decides if the proffered goods are worth admission, and one of the most welcome offers is a pair of old goloshes.

BERLIN—The greatest challenge to Bond Street's sartorial leadership since the introduction of the Homburg hat has just been delivered by the Germans. Fur-trimmed spats are the latest thing in male fashions along the Leipziger Strasse. They are of gray felt, with fur trimming around the edges.



"Gosh, it's great to be able to get away from it all."

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.
See Page 32

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Plays

- ★GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$4.40—Marc Connelly's Pulitzer prize play. The Bible story as it appears to the negro—beautifully and amusingly done.
- ★UP POPS THE DEVIL. *Masque*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Entertaining comedy of domestic struggles of a young couple in Greenwich Village. With Roger Pryor.
- ★THAT'S GRATITUDE. *John Golden*. \$4.40—Frank Craven in his own play of a theatrical manager who prolongs overlong his stay in a grateful household. Hilarious entertainment in this small-town comedy.
- ★ONCE IN A LIFETIME. *Music Box*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Hollywood and the new talkies burlesqued to the nth degree. With Jean Dixon and one of its authors—George S. Kaufman.
- ★THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT. *Sam Harris*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Zoe Akins' great show of three ex-Follies girls realistically, ably and hilariously portrayed by Muriel Kirkland, Verree Teasdale and Dorothy Hall.
- ★MRS. MOONLIGHT. *Hopkins*. \$4.40—Whimsical drama of the problems of eternal youth. Edith Barrett as a lady who stays at 28 years for three generations.

CIVIC REPERTORY—Eva Le Gallienne and her group in a program of modern classics.

- ★PAGAN LADY. *48th Street*. \$3.85—Lenore Ulric—the glamorous—comes back in one of her well-known melodramas. This time she is a bootlegger's gal in love with a preacher.
- ★ON THE SPOT. *Forrest*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Edgar Wallace's burlesque of the Chicago gangster—his feuds, his moll, his funerals—in a swell show. With Crane Wilbur and Anna May Wong.
- ★MAN IN POSSESSION. *Booth*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—An All-English company in an entertaining, light comedy. The Bailiff's representative lives on the debtor's property until his (or her) debts are paid.
- ★ELIZABETH THE QUEEN. *Martin Beck*. \$3.00—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt making an historical romance a thing to be remembered.
- ★GRAND HOTEL. *National*. \$4.40—Interesting, exciting and magnificently staged. Thirty-six hours in the lives of five people in a Continental hotel—with Henry Hull and Eugenie Leontovich. Try months ahead for seats.
- ★TONIGHT OR NEVER. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Helen Gahagen in an entertaining Belasco production of an opera singer whose art has heretofore suffered since she has not had a "grand experience."
- ★ART AND MRS. BOTTLE. *Maxine Elliott's*. \$3.85—Jane Cowl's repertory company in an amusing comedy of an erring wife who returns after many years to rescue her family topsy turvy on account of the same A-R-T which led her astray. Alternating weekly with—

compete with her daughter and younger sister.

- ★OH PROMISE ME. *Moroso*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Broad farce with Lee Tracy. An ambitious young lawyer successfully blackmails an elderly philanderer with little or no evidence.
- ★FIRST NIGHT. *Eltzinger*. \$3.00—Mystery melodrama in which the audience plays a large part. The action takes place in a prison auditorium with the prisoners in their play showing how a certain murder took place. Don't be surprised if your neighbor starts shooting.
- ★THIS IS NEW YORK. *Plymouth*. \$3.85—Robert Sherwood's lively comedy of the senator from South Dakota—despising everything in New York—whose daughter, Lois Moran, years for one of Manhattan's wastrels. Thrilling second act with scandal and suicide.
- ★A KISS OF IMPORTANCE. *Fulton*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A young man (Basil Rathbone) agrees to act as correspondent so that his employer may win the young wife (Ann Andrews) from her elderly husband without scandal. Of course you know what happens—it all ends with a happy French triangle.
- OVERTURE. *Longacre*. \$3.85—Posthumous play of William Bolitho portraying the conflict among the "successful" revolutionist workers. Colin Clive as the idealistic leader of a lost cause.
- ★PETTICOAT INFLUENCE. *Empire*. \$3.85—Satirical comedy showing family affairs may influence affairs of state—in Britain. With Helen Hayes and Henry Stephenson.
- ★INSPECTOR GENERAL. *Hudson*. \$3.00—A new version of Gogol's farce by John Anderson. With Dorothy Gish, Claude Cooper and Lina Abarbanell.
- IN THE MEANTIME. *Guild*. \$3.00—A play by Clare and Paul Sifton with Linda Watkins, Glenn Anders, Josephine Hull and Harriet MacGibbon.
- ★PURITY. *Ritz*. \$3.00—Florence Reed as a scrubwoman decides it may be better to love than be loved. Adapted from the French by Ralph Roeder.

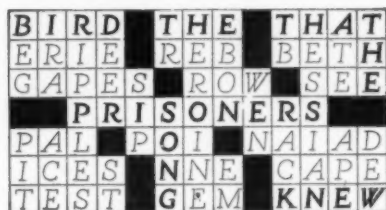
Musical

- ★EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES. *New Amsterdam*. \$5.50—Jimmie Savo and "The Most Beautiful Girls In The World" make this dirty show—funny and entertaining.
- ★NINA ROSA. *Majestic*. \$5.50—One of those dependable musical comedies with a real plot and lots of action. With Guy Robertson, Ethelind Terry and Armida.
- ★FINE AND DANDY. *Erlanger*. \$6.60—Joe Cook—with all gadgets working—in a crazy, loony show that's not to be missed.
- ★BROWN BUDDIES. *Liberty*. \$3.00—Bill Robinson and his inimitable tap-dancing in an all-colored show with pep.
- ★THREE'S A CROWD. *Selwyn*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—That grand trio—Libby Holman, Fred Allen and Clifton Webb—in a great revue.
- ★GIRL CRAZY. *Alvin*. \$5.50—Fast-moving, colorful, tuneful hit of doings on a dude ranch invaded by one of Broadway's playboys. With Willie Howard, Ginger Rogers and Ethel Merman and set to Gershwin music.
- ★SWEET AND LOW. *Chanin's 46th Street*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Fannie Brice, (Continued on Page 27)



Haidee Wright, Edith Barrett, Sir Guy Standing
In "Mrs. Moonlight."

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 68



The bird that knew the Prisoner's Song.

Miss G. F. Clarke,
479 Blue Hills Ave.,
Hartford, Conn.

For explanation: He knew his onions too.

Audrey Magee,
4156 Leidy Avenue,
Philadelphia, Pa.

For explanation: Letting it go for a song.

F. B. Beckett,
1721 Ry. Exch. Bldg.,
St. Louis, Mo.

For explanation: And a bird who will probably sing it later.

Blanche M. Leiby,
425 Hazel Street,
Tamaqua, Pa.

For explanation: At last he finds "some one to love him."

R. G. Common,
466 Lexington Avenue,
New York City.

For explanation: A "felon" feeling.

Comforts of Home

Instead of cells the new \$3,500,000 federal penitentiary to be built near Lewisburg, Pa., is to have "home-like rooms." We can almost hear the warden scream, "Take that cigarette off that piano!"

No Way Out

"A well-gowned woman never loses a husband," says a fashion designer. The idea seems to be the husband never has railroad fare left.

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 26)

George Jessel and James Barton in a sometimes hilarious revue.

★SMILES. Ziegfeld. \$6.60—The 1930 Ziegfeld offering with Marilyn Miller and the Astaires. A war orphan meets the four dough-boys who adopted her years before.

★THE NEW YORKERS. Broadway. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Widely heralded "satirical" revue arranged by Cole Porter, Peter Arno and Herbert Field. A galaxy of stars including Clayton, Jackson and Durant—Frances Williams—Ann Pennington—Hope Williams, etc.—far into the night.

★BALLYHOO. Hammerstein. \$5.50—Book by Harry Ruskin and Leighton K. Brill with music by Lou A'ter. Comedy by W. C. Fields.

Records

Victor

"THREE LITTLE WORDS"—Frank Crumit sings a well worn ditty—but don't miss hearing the accompaniment—two pianos, sax, and violin. Great. and

"I MISS A LITTLE MISS"—Frank again. The lyrics remind one of that early age when he was made to spell Mississippi to entertain fond relatives.

"BABY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY"—Nat Shilkret and The Victor Orchestra are all agog over this notorious affair. The piano player makes it interesting. and

"THE WEDDING OF THE BIRDS"—A musical picture made realistic by plenty of bird whistles. Same orchestra.

Brunswick

"HE'S NOT WORTH YOUR TEARS" (Sweet and Low)—Marion Harris sings one verse and one chorus very slowly—and convincingly. and

"MY MAN FROM CAROLINE"—Marion is in better humor on this side—and the change is pleasing if not entirely musical.

"YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY" and "I MISS A LITTLE MISS"—Introducing Nick Lucas and His Crooning Troubadours. This orchestra has good material, and with Nick to sing the choruses they should go over big. Let's have some more.

Columbia

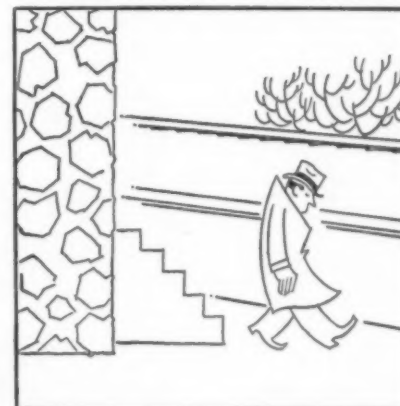
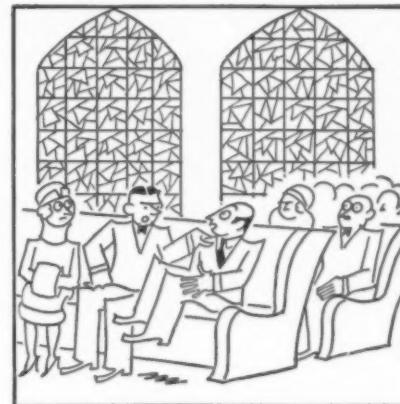
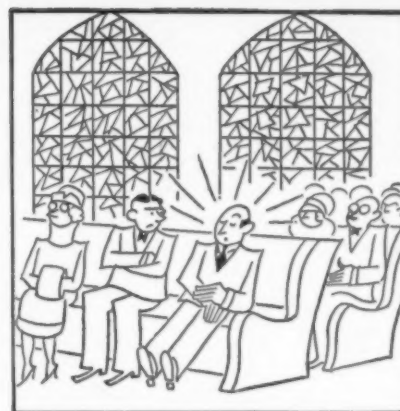
"YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY" and "YOU'RE ALWAYS SURE OF MY LOVE FOR YOU"—Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians could probably play "chopsticks" artistically. This record recommended for orchestration, rhythm and snatches of trumpet in vocal chorus accompaniment.

"YOU WERE ONLY PASSING TIME WITH ME" and

"WHEN THEY CHANGED MY NAME TO A NUMBER"—Art Gillham. Recommended to those who can put up with the whispering pianist. We can't. Alex Hill plays the accompaniment.

Sheet Music

"Tears" (No show)
"The Little Things In Life" (No show)
"Cheerful Little Earful" (Sweet and Low)
"I Bring A Love Song" (Viennese Nights)
"Drifting" (No show)
"In The Meantime" (No show)



A new safety razor is run by electricity. It may be convenient, except when you are half-shaved and blow a fuse.

The Family Album



Moses, the



Reprinted from LIFE, Sept. 9, 1926

ses, the first traffic cop.



When you stop to think—
WRIGLEY'S will help you
 —A real aid to digestion
 —Good for the teeth
 —Sweeten the breath

L150

"Cheerfulness:
 Something We really Need
 To Satisfy a Real Want."



Do your part, therefore,
 Subscribe to

Life

and satisfy your natural craving for the amusing idea, the cheerful thought, that will lighten care and depression. As the streets of Jerusalem were kept clean by each man sweeping before his own door, so let *your* smile make *your* own world brighter and happier! Read *LIFE* with its Laugh on Every Page for half a year, and note your gain in cheerfulness, or try our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Foreign \$1.40).
 Send *LIFE* for the next ten weeks to

LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York
 One Year \$5 Foreign \$6.00
 LL

Life in Society



ROLLIN' DOWN TO RIO.

A merry group of holiday revelers playing prisoner's base on the ice at the Lake Placid Club. After the snap was completed Miss Mazie Wasna (end man) was found atop a scrub oak at the edge of the pond.

Mr. Thomas Dowling of Tote Manor attended last evening a party given by John Craig Jr. of Babylon, at the close of which Mr. Dowling of Tote Manor was, as usual, to the manor born.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Herry of Newark were dinner hosts before attending the performance of "Neddy" at the Montclair Theatre. The play was presented by the Englewood Guild Fall luncheon committee of the Connecticut Valley Amherst College Alumnae Club for the benefit of the fellowship fund of the Essex Chapter, Daughters of the American Oritani Field Club of New Rochelle at the Bonnie Briar Country Club of East Greenbush, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Geck of Nid de Cheval, East Hampton, and El Marquesina, Palm Beach, sailed yesterday on the Paris to pass the Winter at Domaine de St. Pierre, their villa in Cannes. They will go to Germany in June if they can think of a fancy name for a house there.

The Polish Under-Secretary, Szctrf Zcuvopilifbkxs, is expected tomftwrl at the Hotel Yocas-Azalp, where he will remakh for two weicz.

Miss Mabel Livingston, who has been visiting her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Sheldon Livingston, is sailing tomorrow night on the Ile de France. She will go to Pau, Mr. Carl McK. Livingston, and her Mau, Mrs. Livingston, for the remainder of the Winter.

Mr. and Mrs. James N. Roover and Miss Betty Roover of England have gone to Winter Park, Fla., to winter-park.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Armstrong Knox came in yesterday from Syosset, L. I., and are at the Hotel Pierre visiting Miss Fiditch, our old school teacher.

Our Foolish Contemporaries

A stock market victim writes a Southern paper that he is on the point of doing something reckless. Possibly going over Niagara in the barrel he is wearing.
—*Detroit News.*

GANGSTER'S SON: Maw, Jimmy won't play fair. We're playing policeman and robber, and he's the policeman and he's trying to arrest me!
—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

THE BORE: Only the other day I was relating my adventures to a man who's travelled the world, and believe me, he sat with his mouth wide open.
THE BORED: Quite! And his hand in front of it, I suppose.
—*London Opinion.*

A small boy asked his father how wars begin.

"Well," said his father, "suppose that England quarreled with France—"

"But," interrupted the mother, "England mustn't quarrel with France!"

"I know," he answered, "but I am taking a hypothetical instance."

"You are misleading the child," said the mother.

"No, I am not," he answered.

"Yes, you are."

"No, I am not."

"Yes."

"No."

"All right, Dad," said the small boy, "I think I know how wars begin."

—*Tit-Bits.*



UNCLE (who has been looking through theatre guide in an attempt to find suitable play for his country niece to see): Well, my dear, I'm afraid it's a choice of two evils!

NIECE: How lovely! Let's see one tonight. The other tomorrow night.
—*Punch* (by permission).

DOCTOR: You haven't been tiring the patient out with a lot of needless conversation, have you?

AMATEUR NURSE (brightly): Oh, no. I've done every bit of the talking myself.
—*Answers.*

Shaw and Einstein are to appear on the radio the same night. At last a little competition for Amos 'n' Andy!
—*New York Evening Sun.*

"The worst feature of our post-offices is the ink," says a writer. Although the pens have their bad points.

—*The Humorist.*

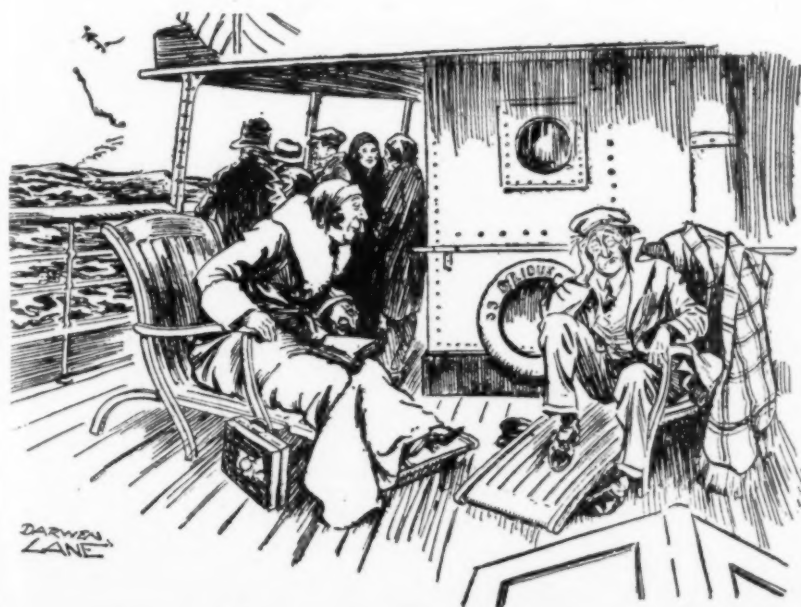
OWNER: Look here, your dog has killed one of our prize hens.

NEIGHBOR: Oh, I'm so sorry! But you certainly can't blame poor Fido. How was he to know that it was a prize bird?
—*Answers.*

"Mary, remember that you are only a servant; I don't want you to have so much company. Why, you have more callers in a day than I have in a week."

"Well, ma'am, perhaps if you'd try to be a little more agreeable you'd have as many friends as I have."

—*Pathfinder.*



CHEERFUL WIFE: Never mind, dear, you're beginning to look really like your passport photo.
—*Everybody's Weekly.*

ANGRY GUIDE: Why didn't you shoot at the tiger?

THE TIMID HUNTER: He didn't have the right kind of expression on his face for a rug.

—*Penn Punch Bowl.*

LIFE'S Ticket Service

**We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.*

**If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.*

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Checks for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 60 East 42nd St., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

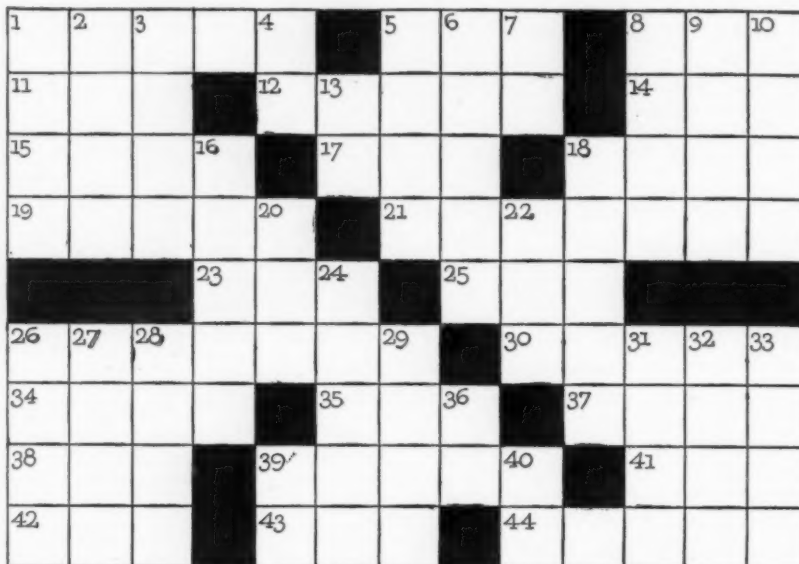
Check for \$.....Enclosed

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 73

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes January 23, 1931.



ACROSS

1. This often ends with a ball.
5. Obtained.
8. Prohibition agent.
11. And —.
12. A silly ass.
14. The crack of dawn.
15. First man to be put on the spot.
17. This goes to the pen.
18. Altar end of church.
19. Horses! Horses! Horses!
21. He makes a pretty picture.
23. Make lace.
25. The old gray mare.
26. What the bride should be.
30. Stair post.
34. This has locks.
35. This is a flapper.
37. This is sometimes puffed up.
38. What some actors should learn to do.
39. This makes you draw the line.
41. Definite article.
42. And another—just to make it easy.
43. Force.
44. One of the three musketeers.

DOWN

1. Work by the day.
2. Bum.
3. Impressed.
4. Take notice. Abbr.
5. This travels around.
6. Takes clever hands and feet to master it.
7. At.
8. Month. Abbr.
9. What the model took.
10. River in Belgium.
13. This is never down.
16. In a state of oblivion.
18. A state you should never be in.
20. Dolt.
22. Scotch for John.
24. This will teach you a lesson.
26. Every policeman has one.
27. This is at the foot of things.
28. Plot.
29. Who was that I seen you with last night.
31. Accompanying.
32. This talks back to you.
33. Sheltered places.
36. Is.
39. They always get their man. Abbr.
40. Make a note of this. Abbr.

Life's Dog Calendar



The Portrait of a
Gentleman

1931

Let LIFE'S dogs help make your dates delightful in 1931. The coupons below will bring you your favorites of the year's dog pictures from LIFE in the form of a merry, colorful calendar that's as useful as it is good to look at. Which is saying a lot. You've known and counted on LIFE'S annual dog calendar for years. This year it is better than ever. Order one for each dog-lover you know — and don't forget yourself.

LIFE, 60 East 42, New York

Dear LIFE, I enclose \$..... for..... LIFE Dog Calendars at \$1.00 apiece.

Name

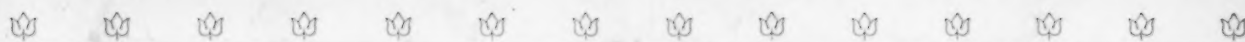
Address

LIFE, 60 East 42, New York

Dear LIFE, I enclose \$..... for..... LIFE Dog Calendars at \$1.00 apiece.

Name

Address



The New Ford Victoria



✿ A NEW FORD BODY TYPE OF DISTINCTIVE BEAUTY ✿

THE newest, latest addition to the wide variety of Ford body types is the distinguished four-passenger Victoria. It marks a new degree of beauty and of value in a low-price car.

The striking lines of the Ford Victoria are especially apparent in the graceful sweep of the straighter, lower top, the slanting windshield and the curving bustle back, with the spare wheel set at a conforming angle. There is a suggestion of continental design also in the shape and size

of the side windows and the intimate interior arrangement. The comfortable, deeply cushioned seats are upholstered in luxurious mohair or fashionable Bedford cord, optional with the purchaser. Appointments and hardware reflect the mode and manner of a custom-built automobile.

With all its new beauty and outstanding mechanical performance, the Ford Victoria sells at a low price. You may purchase it on economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.



